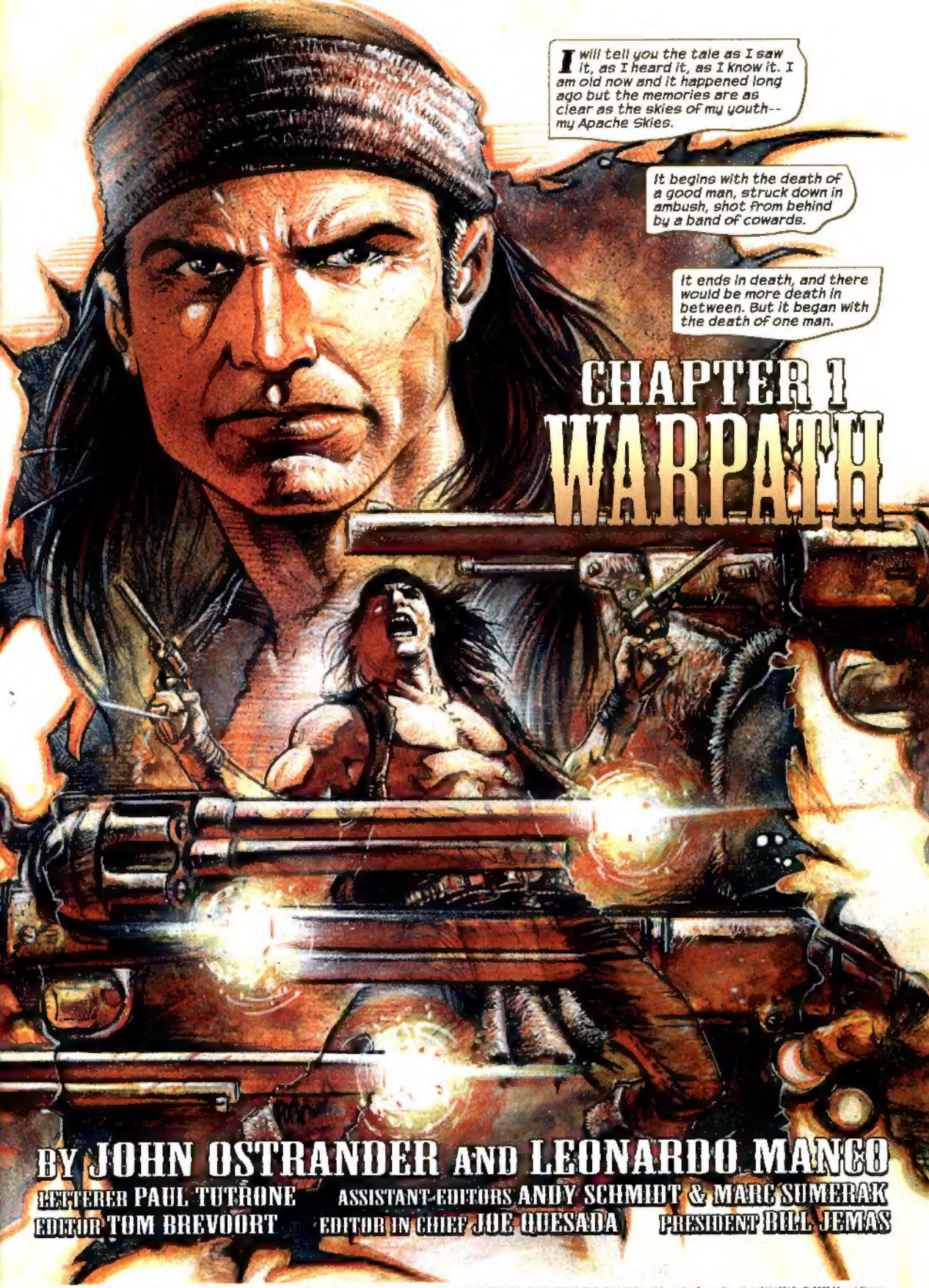
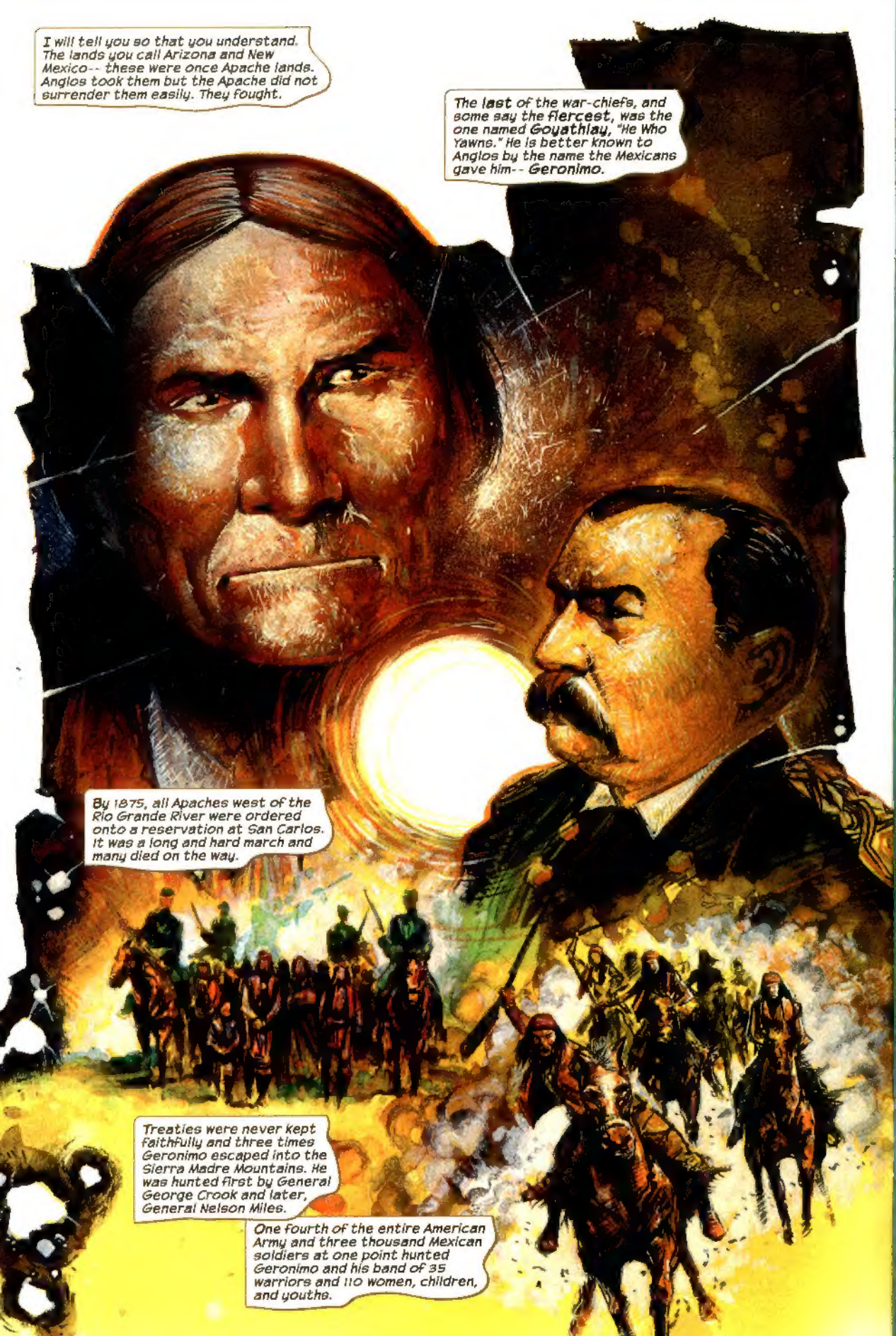
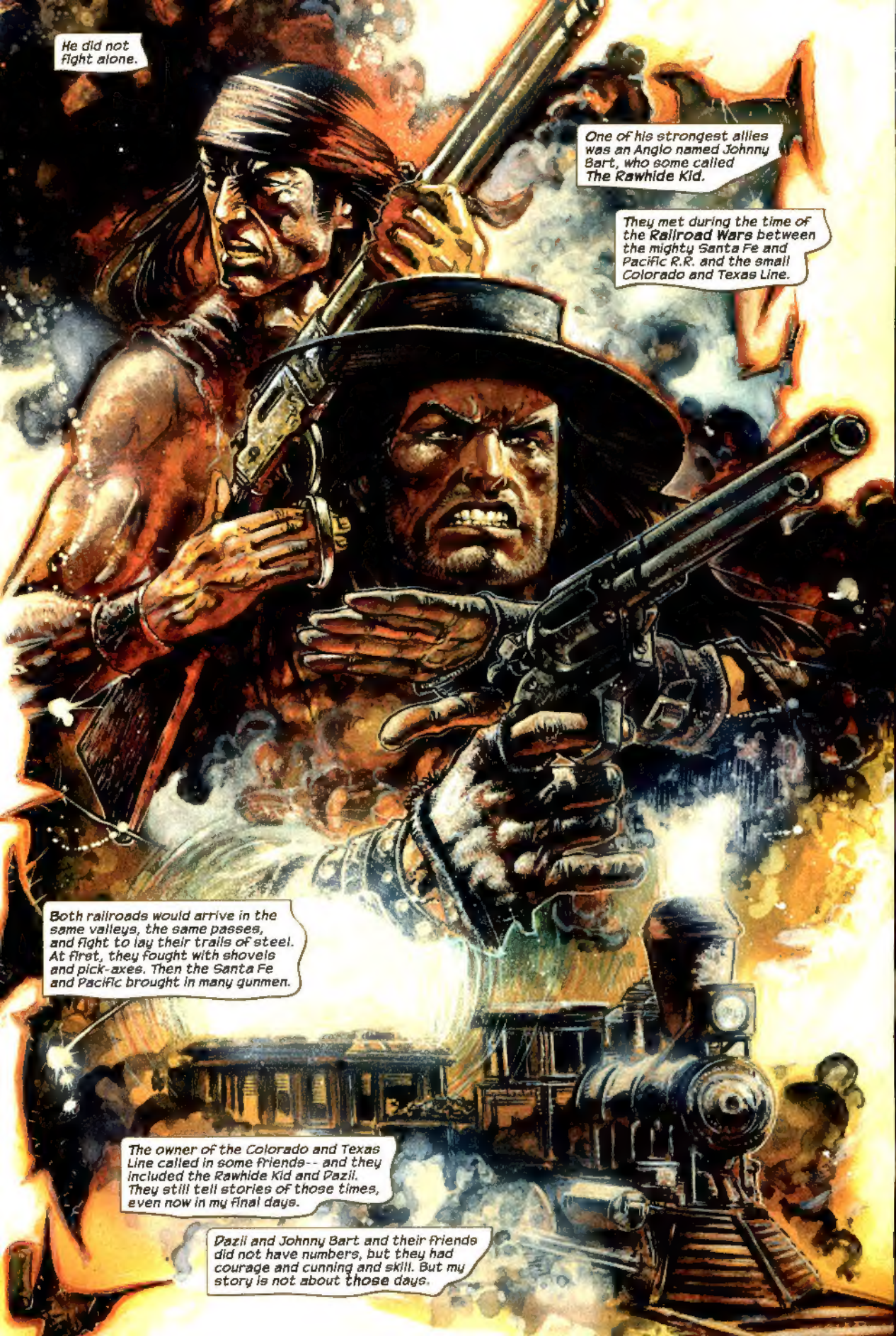
MAX
COMICS
#1 OF 4
APACHE SKIES
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT
DIRECT EDITION
00111
7 59606 05289 9
$2.99 US $4.75 CAN
JOHN OSTRANDER
LEONARDO MANCO


I will tell you the tale as I saw it, as I heard it, as I know it. I am old now and it happened long ago but the memories are as clear as the skies of my youth--my Apache Skies.
It begins with the death of a good man, struck down in ambush, shot from behind by a band of cowards.
It ends in death, and there would be more death in between. But it began with the death of one man.
CHAPTER 1
WARPATH
BY JOHN OSTRANDER AND LEONARDO MANCO
LETTERER PAUL TUTRONE
ASSISTANT EDITORS ANDY SCHMIDT & MARC SUMERAK
EDITOR TOM BREVOORT
EDITOR IN CHIEF JOE QUESADA
PRESIDENT BILL JEMAS

APACHE SKIES Vol. 1, No. 1, September, 2002. Published monthly by Marvel Comics, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 East 40th Street, New York, NY 10016. © 2002 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.75 in Canada (GST #R127032852); Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in Canada.** PETER CUNEO, Chief Executive Officer; AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; GUI KARYO, Chief Information Officer; DAVID BOGART, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Russell Brown, Executive Vice President, Consumer Products, Promotions and Media Sales at 212-576-8561 or rbrown@marvel.com


I will tell you so that you understand. The lands you call Arizona and New Mexico-- these were once Apache lands. Anglos took them but the Apache did not surrender them easily. They fought.
The last of the war-chiefs, and some say the fiercest, was the one named Goyathlay, "He Who Yawns." He is better known to Anglos by the name the Mexicans gave him-- Geronimo.
By 1875, all Apaches west of the Rio Grande River were ordered onto a reservation at San Carlos. It was a long and hard march and many died on the way.
Treaties were never kept faithfully and three times Geronimo escaped into the Sierra Madre Mountains. He was hunted first by General George Crook and later, General Nelson Miles.
One fourth of the entire American Army and three thousand Mexican soldiers at one point hunted Geronimo and his band of 35 warriors and 110 women, children, and youths.

One man stood between Anglos and Apache. His Anglo name was Aloysius Kare. His Apache name was Dazii, which roughly translates as "He Stands Alone." Some called him The Apache Kid.
His father was Anglo, his mother was Chokonen Apache. Dazii believed in the Apache way of life but knew the white man was not going away, that a way must be found for the two races to live together.
On both sides there were those who did not want this, and Dazii made many enemies. This never stopped him. He was a warrior, and his battle was for justice and peace between the races.


He did not fight alone.
One of his strongest allies was an Anglo named Johnny Bart, who some called The Rawhide Kid.
They met during the time of the Railroad Wars between the mighty Santa Fe and Pacific R.R. and the small Colorado and Texas Line.
Both railroads would arrive in the same valleys, the same passes, and fight to lay their trails of steel. At first, they fought with shovels and pick-axes. Then the Santa Fe and Pacific brought in many gunmen.
The owner of the Colorado and Texas Line called in some friends-- and they included the Rawhide Kid and Dazil. They still tell stories of those times, even now in my final days.
Dazil and Johnny Bart and their friends did not have numbers, but they had courage and cunning and skill. But my story is not about those days.

I will start here. The year is 1886. It is November. The town doesn't matter; it faded away some years later when the cattle and the miners left.
BLAM!
BLAM!
WAAAHOOO!
Cole Williams!
Wh-whut? Who're yew and what th' hell yew want with me?
I'm the Apache Kid.
Kid's daid!
I know. And you were one of the backshooting sons of a bitch that did it. And now you're going to pay.

Make your move.

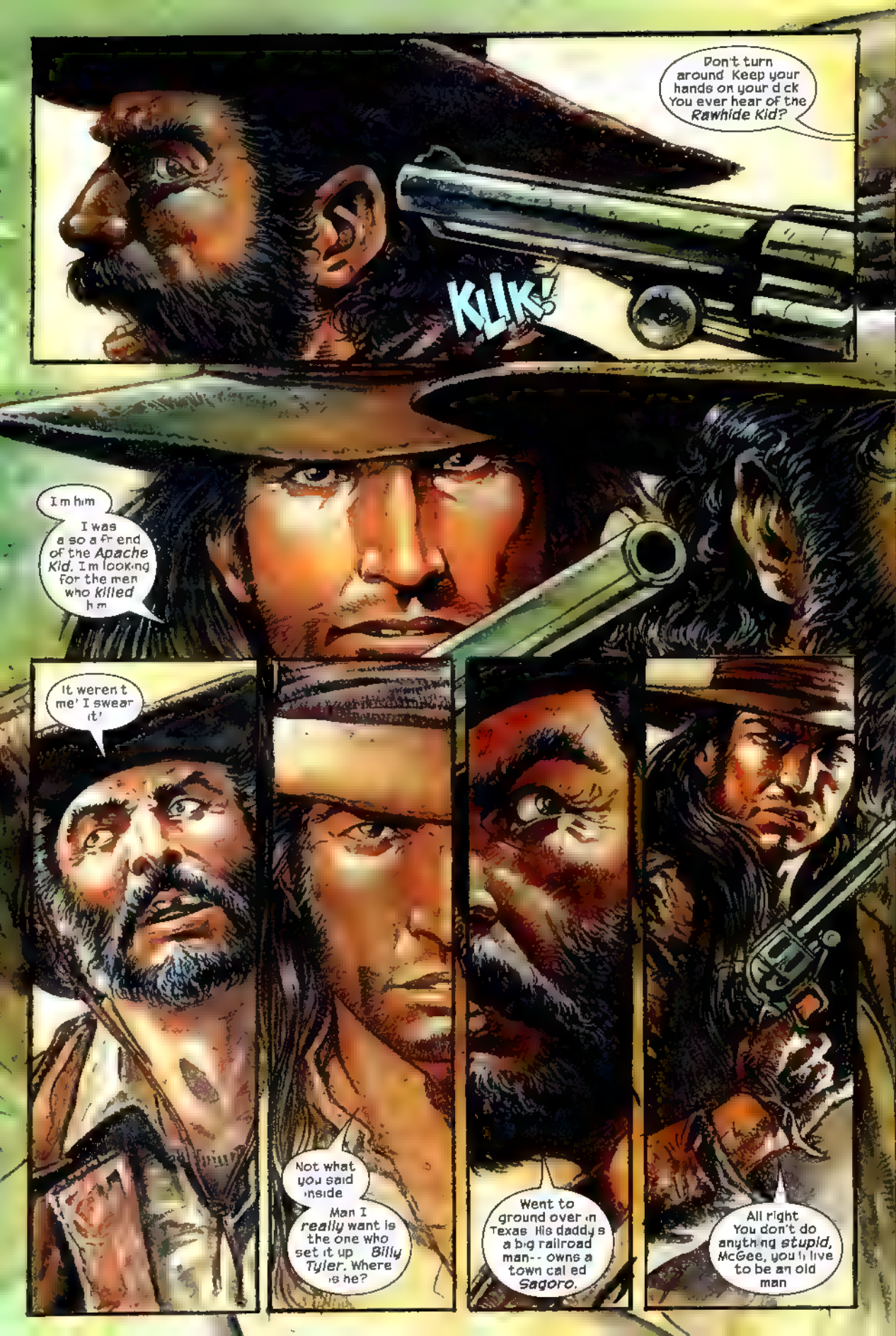
BLAM!

BA-BLAM!

Damn.... goddamn.... goddamn...!
Hurt? Hope so.
Why yew doin this, huh?! What the hell was that sumbitch to you?!
BLAM!

I was h e
woman.

Fifty miles away, in another nameless and lost town, that same night .
...and stay out, McGee!
You cain't do that t'me! I'm a daingerous man!
Daingerous!
Show em! Show em all!
Kee hee hee! This'll learn 'em! He he he!
PSHHHHHH!


Don't turn around Keep your hands on your d ck You ever hear of the Rawhide Kid?
KLIK!
I m hm
I was a so a fr end of the Apache Kid. I m look ng for the men who killed h m
It weren t me' I swear it'
Not what you said ns de
Man I really want is the one who set it up Billy Tyler. Where s he?
Went to ground over n Texas His daddy s a b g railroad man-- owns a town cal ed Sagoro.
All right You don't do anything stupid, McGee, you l live to be an old man

Now put your dick away before you set the women to laughing
YOU SMART MOUTHED--!
BLAM!
GUK!
Like I thought, McGee. You were just too stupid to live.

From the Journal of William Tyler, president of the Santa Fe and Pacific R R. - "October 6. 1886, Los Cruces, Texas-- Colonel Richard Trask and I met today Meeting quite satisfactory Details as follows "
You have heard, Colonel Trask, of the half-breed called the Apache Kid?
Some Heard he was gunned down in an ambush some months back Actually, I heard it was a kid named Billy Tyler done it
My son. Somewhat of a disappointment is Billy. The half breed put him in jail and, when I got him out, Billy sought retribution
Did you hear, by the way, that one of the hunters is The Rawhide Kid?
Also quite true. I cannot permit that Disappointment or not, Billy is my son
Heard that. Also heard someone was hunting down those who did it and shooting them like dogs.

Well, well Johnny Bart
Billy is in Sagoro. I want you and your fellow ex-soldiers to go there, protect Billy, and kill the hunters I have a special train waiting to take you there
What if we're too late?
Bring me the scalps of the killers
Sagoro.
Train leaves at sunset, folks Stretch your legs if you care to.
Porter?

Appears there's a number of armed men in the station Any particular reason?
Yessir Son of the man who owns this railroad shot and killed a man Now somebody s looking to kill him. The boy's daddy also owns this town, so he's waiting here until his daddy comes get him
Uh huh Anybody know who is after this rich man's son?
Why, I expect t s you.
Afraid you're mistaken.
You were a friend to us back then
My name s Eustace Grimes, and some of us from back then feel we owe you, son. Sheriff here don t feel that way, so you watch yourself, hear?
Nosir. I worked the Colorado and Texas Line during them Railroad Wars some years back

My name s Miles Wilson Local aw I need to see yore t cket Mister ?
Jeb Kent
Looke proper Bound for the end of the line, I see Weren't plann ng on getting off here, were you?
Not un ess you insist, Sher ff
Nope Thanks
Tra n s ows down cons derab e for a curve about two miles outside of town in case you want to know
Good to know Thanks fr end
Seen em Sheriff?
One man, but he's mov ng on No s gn of a woman dressed ke a man, though

Keep yore eyes open, though. Can never tell!
Night fell and the train left.
CHUFFA CHUFFA CHUFFA!

SALOON
About as I figured. There you are, Billy Tyler.
Soon, Paz. It will be finished soon.

Cummon! Cummon, bitch!
Billeeee! Stop! Not right out in Main Street! What will people *think*?!
Softly, fella. Don't want your owner to miss you just yet.
I'm *Billy Tyler!* My Daddy *owns* this town! What do I care what they think?
I've been *looking* for you, Billy Tyler. It's time for you to *die*.
What?
What?
The Apache Kid, as you called him. You shot him down from behind. Now you're going to pay.

No, he won't. Put up your hands, ma'am. Never shot a woman before but I will if I must.
Shoot her, Sheriff!
Hell! Stand back and just let *me* do it!
Or I could shoot *him* if everyone don't drop their guns.
Everybody keeps calm and doesn't do anything stupid, we can all walk away from this.
Lower 'em, boys. Can't risk...
BLAM!
...shot me...!
...stupid bitch has... killed... me...!

Well...
...shit.
NEXT:
HARD RIDE

ghoul